

The Christian World.

MISSIONARY DEPARTMENT.

REV. R. W. ALLEN, EDITOR.

As the earth shall be filled with the glory of the Lord.—NUM. XIV. 21.

ADVANCE IN MISSIONARY CONTRIBUTIONS.—This is a subject of great importance just now to the Church. The last *Missionary Advocate* contains the following suggestions on the subject which we commend to the attention of our readers:—

It is conceded on every hand that there must be an increase in missionary contributions. How can it be secured? 1. Not by dependence upon great sums from rich men. They may be secured here and there, but they are not to be relied upon.

2. Not by spasmodic effort. The growth they create shrinks again. The rebound is sometimes farther than the advance.

3. Not by personal appeals from the Secretaries. They are not collecting agents, and if they were, what are three men among so many?

4. By system. By early organization, by observing the directions of the Church; by securing some offering from each one, even the poorest, and from each a proportionate offering.

Do FOREIGN MISSIONS PAY?—This is a question which the Church has considered, and which she has satisfactorily answered to all the friends of Christ. "Godliness is profitable," and the truth of this is seen wherever Christianity has been introduced in heathen lands.

Foreign missions pay financially. Did it cost \$1,225,000 to Christianize the Sandwich Islands? What is this beside a yearly trade worth of \$4,500,000? Were not 500 American ploughs sold to the natives of Natal alone in a single year? And these ploughs brought more money than it cost to sustain the Zulu mission.

We might multiply these illustrations to almost any extent. Such missions pay scientifically and religiously. Science, arts, education spring up all along the track of the missionary. Religiously, they have been of incalculable value. They have promoted Christian union, increased the spirit of benevolence, given greater earnestness and zeal to Christian labor, and brought the churches more into sympathy with Christ. The piety of the Church has been greatly purified and quickened by the spirit and work of Christian missions.

The spirituality of the Church has never improved so fast as it has since the modern missionary enterprise commenced.

PRAY FOR CHRISTIAN MISSIONS.—At a meeting for prayer at the mission house of the Lbanon Missionary Society, Rev. Robert Ferguson, LL. D., F. S. A., delivered a most stirring, appropriate address from which we extract the following: "If missions be the divinely-ordained work of the Christian Church, the Church itself (including both pastor and people) needs a higher life and aspiration for this grand enterprise. A dead church can never quicken a dead world. It is a living church only which can give us living men; and the same spirit which raises up the men will provide the means equal to our extended and extending field of action. We are engaged in no hopeless enterprise. It rests on promises and predictions—on the oath of God, and the work of Christ. Success is certain. Prayer will be answered in a revived church and a divine charity—in the triumph of truth and the conquest of the world."

MEXICO.—Our new house of worship in the city of Mexico was dedicated, December 25. It was formerly known as the cloisters of the great San Francisco Convent, once the residence of four thousand monks. For over two hundred years the Friars read and meditated there, little dreaming that its sacred enclosures ever would be invaded by a heretic congregation. Central in position, and having been thoroughly arranged and refitted, it is admirably adapted to the purposes of the mission. Its dedicatory exercises were of thrilling interest. The audience-room was densely packed, and the exercises throughout were calculated to make a deep impression on the audience. Rev. Thos. Carter, D. D., preached the first sermon. All the exercises were in Spanish. Dr. Butler is in excellent health and spirits, and is rejoicing greatly in having secured a house of worship so well adapted to the object of mission.

NOBLE GIVING.—The Church Missionary Society has had a gift of one hundred thousand pounds, and yet another of five thousand pounds. The foreign missionary enterprise which aims at the conversion of the world is the great interest of the Church. Give, give to it! Pour in your thousands and millions into its treasury. Here you will gather a large percentage—a hundred-fold in the present life.

MISSIONARY PERIODICALS.—*Missionary Advocate*. Read and circulate. The ministers will find the *Missionary Herald* and *Baptist Missionary Magazine*, of Boston, and the *Foreign Missionary*, of New York, excellent periodicals, which will aid them greatly in their missionary concerns. When shall we have a *Missionary Magazine* of our own? *The Illustrated Missionary News*, edited by Rev. H. Grattan Guinness, London, is one of the best missionary periodicals of the world. Will the publishers have the goodness to send a copy to this office in exchange.

MONEY WANTED FOR MISSIONS.—The world is thrown open to missionary labor; men and women are ready to go and preach Jesus, but the missionary treasuries are empty—no money. Why is this? Money enough

in the Church. Who is responsible for the lack of funds? Answer, ye stewards of the Lord.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Rev. A. Stewart Walsh, pastor of Gethsemane Baptist Church, Brooklyn, has received the gift of a three-story brick residence, valued at \$10,000.

In Scotland more persons enter the ministry than are needed; in Germany theological students are few and growing fewer. There is faith in Scotland, and unbelief in Germany, and that makes the difference.

The Presbyterians of New York City have determined to supervise their own city Sunday-school mission work, instead of continuing their affiliation longer with the New York Sunday-school Union.

Dr. John Hall's new church on Fifty-fifth Street, New York, will be the largest Presbyterian Church in America, and probably the largest in the world. The cost will be about \$850,000.

The people of Dr. Parker's Church, in London, pleased by the reception given their pastor by his citizens during his late visit, have set apart a pew in their new church, to be called the "American pew," which is to be used by Americans visiting in London.

A correspondent in Brooklyn states that there is one living, and only one, who can read Eliot's Indian Bible. This man is Mr. J. Hammond Trumbull, librarian of the Watkinson Library of Reference, Hartford, Conn., who has spent many years of his life in studying the history and languages of the aborigines of America.

The Rev. W. S. Chapman, of the Church of England, formerly a Baptist minister, recently declared that the confessional "has been, is now, and ever will be the means, through Christ, of saving many souls," and that the cry against it in England is "base," "slandrous," and "one of the hollowest and most deceptive cries to which this country has ever listened."

The reverend gentleman also admitted that he himself officiates in the confessional.

About four years ago Dr. Thompson, son of the author of the "Land and Book," and Professor of Materia Medica in the New York University, began teaching a Bible class of about twenty scholars in the hall of the Young Men's Christian Association, on Sunday afternoons. It has steadily grown until now it numbers eleven hundred members. Is there another such Bible class in the world?

The Archbishop of Canterbury is thwarting one of the icy conventionalities that hedge around the "Primate of all England." Recently he visited the Jewish College near Rangoon, built and endowed by Sir Joseph Montefiore in memory of his wife. It is an institution for students of Jewish theology and rabbinical literature. After the Archbishop had walked through the college, refreshments were served, when he took occasion in graceful terms to propose the health of Sir Moses Montefiore, to which Dr. Lewis responded.

REMINISCENCES OF EARLY METHODISM IN EAST MAINE.

BY REV. S. H. BEALE.

Having traveled and labored considerably among all the Methodist societies in this region during ten years past, and having become acquainted with some of the old members of our Church who are still living, as well as others who have passed away during these years, it has occurred to me to collect and record a few facts in reference to some of the early ministers and members, that may be interesting and useful to your youthful readers, and possibly inspire in others more confidence in the power of Methodism to promote the general good, and to "spread Scriptural holiness over these lands."

Late in the last century, Jesse Lee, the heroic and successful pioneer of Methodism in the New England States visited the east and blew the gospel trumpet on both sides of the St. Croix river. Early in the spring of 1795, he planned a tour of exploration from the Penobscot to the St. Croix; crossing the river at Bangor with two small boats, lashed together, placing the forefoot of his faithful saddle-horse in one boat and the hind foot in the other, he triumphantly entered this unsubdued field to sow the seeds of truth, and gather fruit for the Master. Mr. Lee proceeded down the east bank of the river, through Orrington to Bucksport, from which place he struck off eastward. He passed through Ellsworth, Gouldsboro', etc., swimming and fording streams and rivers, noting the condition and wants of the people along the coast, on to Machias. There he left his horse to rest awhile, and proceeded by water to Eastport, St. Andrews, St. John, and St. Stephens, meeting with a few disciples of Christ now and then, to whom he gave words of encouragement, preaching Christ wherever he had an opportunity.

At St. Stephens, he was cordially received by Rev. Duncan McCall, a Wesleyan minister, with whom he had corresponded many years, and whom he had long desired to see. After preaching and visiting on both sides of the river he went back to Eastport, preaching at Robbinston on the way, and soon returned from his eastern tour, having spotted the trees for future itinerants, and marked the places for missionary labors, and for establishing Methodist societies in this cold and sterile region, where now we find a goodly number of our churches, and some thousands of members.

Early in the beginning of the present century a few self-sacrificing evangelists found their way into the different parts of Washington county, raising the standard of the Cross, attracting the attention of some, and gathering a few soldiers for Christ. Their success was not very encouraging for several years, and the field not very inviting; yet some glorious revivals were enjoyed, and Methodist societies were permanently established in Orrington and Bucksport, and a few other places east

of the Penobscot. At the session of the conference held in 1818, Bishop George called for a volunteer to go to the St. Croix. Rev. E. F. Newell, of precious memory, responded to the call, and was appointed to the Calais circuit. He labored, mostly in the eastern field, with true Christian zeal till 1824, and many souls were translated from darkness to light, and gathered into class and church.

Though fifty years have passed away and nearly all the first members have joined the Church above, some still linger here below who often speak of Father N. and other itinerants whom they remember with interest and affectionate regard. Mr. Newell continued to labor with fervent zeal and piety as a travelling preacher till 1842, when he passed to the superannuated class of the N. E. Conference, and found a comfortable home in his native town of Brookfield, Mass. He felt it to be his privilege and duty to rest awhile from the arduous labors and exhausting responsibilities of the itinerancy, yet he continued to work in different ways for the salvation of souls as strength and opportunity allowed, for more than twenty years.

At the Conference held in Cherry-field in 1862, Father N. unexpectedly appeared among us to the surprise and joy of his old friends. He had traveled without an attendant, though eighty-seven years of age, from his home in Massachusetts to visit once more the friends, and the places of his early labors in the east. After giving some goodly advice, and saying some sweet words of Jesus, and the full salvation provided, spoken with a pleasant voice, and an animated countenance beaming with smiles of heavenly joy, he went to East Machias to visit Hon. Mich. J. Talbot, a highly esteemed and most loved friend whom he had been instrumental in leading to Christ, and raising up to be a leader, and at length, a father of Methodism in Washington county. Some account of the life and death of this esteemed and honored member of our Church, together with that of his amiable and sympathizing companion may be given, if permitted, in a future number.

TEMPERANCE.

ITEMS FROM RHODE ISLAND.

BY REV. H. W. CONANT.

It is worthy of special notice that the Governors of four of the United States have spoken out boldly upon the evil of intemperance, and are in favor of stringent legislation. All agree in the major premise that law must antagonize the evil; and more, they insist that past failures are not sufficient ground for cessation of labors for its removal.

The clear ringing words in the messages of Governors Washburn and Dingeldy, at our last annual convention, are a sublimation for the benefit of all, the unmistakable language of Governor Howard of Rhode Island, who says:—

"The extended and frightful evils of intemperance continually force themselves upon our notice. It is not possible to avert them or at least arrest their increase by legislation? I am decidedly of the opinion that it is. It cannot be that the whole body of our law lies prostrate at the feet of this direful parasite of suffering and crime. I would not disparage the moral efforts which are exerted for individual reformation or in behalf of general reform. But it must also be insisted upon, I think, that the repression of a vice which is the confessed bane of society, which outrages decency and order on all sides, which fills our asylums with paupers and our prisons with convicts, which is dishonoring our manhood and imperiling our youth, is a proper subject for the consideration of our lawgivers. I cannot ignore the lamentable fact that, up to this time, arguments and penalties alike have failed to accomplish their anticipated ends."

"So far from accepting this as an excuse for the abandonment of the cause, I recognize it as a call to renewed, persistent and devoted effort. I am not prepared, neither do I consider it decorous, to present any definite scheme of legislation, but content myself with this expression of my confidence in the efficacy of judicious remedial laws."

"In compliance with my request, the Rev. H. W. Conant, State Agent of the R. I. Temperance Union, has furnished me with some interesting statistics on this subject."

These statistics, taken from the appendix of the message are as follows:

Murder.—One murder in Providence in 1873 was caused by drink, as appears by the whole evidence, the parties being on most friendly terms until they had fitted themselves for bloody deeds by drinking beer. Patrick Green killed John Holland while under the direct influence of strong drink.

There was another murder committed on High Street, in a saloon, the young man who committed it taking a glass of beer just before shooting his girl. He was a German, and what few previous draughts of beer had upon him we cannot tell.

Arrests.—The whole number of arrests by the police in the city of Providence in 1873, was 9,397. Of this number 889 were for violation of city ordinances. Of the remainder, the clerk of the police, Mr. Seth L. Horton, declared after an examination, on the 8th of January, 1874, that at least eighty-five per cent. were brought there by strong drink. There were 5,920 arrests for drunkenness alone. Adding these for common drunkards, 271, we have 6,191, for which strong drink is the only possible cause. Arrests for assault and battery, 274; rev-

elling, 482; disturbances, 1,681; disorderly conduct, 75; and for vagrancy, 267. Here we have a total of 2,784, ninety per cent. of which (2,502), is justly traceable to the same cause. This, added to 6,191, gives the sum of 8,693, for whose condition the grog-shops are responsible. It is believed that if each case was carefully investigated, the showing would be worse than it stands in this schedule.

Commitments to the County Jail.—For drunkenness and reveling, the whole number of commitments to the County Jail by the city of Providence in 1873, was 1,367. Males, 1,367; females, 121.

The city has kept an average of 38 inmates per month in jail for this cause for the whole year, and an average of 40 for the last ten months. The following table presents a comparative monthly average: 1868, 21; 1869, 24; 1870, 20; 1871, 27; 1872, 27; 1873, 38.

City of Providence and State Work-house.—The whole number committed to the State Work-house from Providence in 1873, was 346. The different terms of sentence aggregate 183 1-2 years.

The State and the Work-house.—The whole number committed from the State in 1873, was 666. Males, 398; females, 168. Common drunkards, 370. Of the remaining 196, it is safe to assume that 130 reached that place through drink, making a total of 500 persons rendered unfortunate, if not criminals, by alcoholic beverages. The aggregate offences were: common drunkards, 370; vagrants, 94; common prostitutes, 39; rangers and brawlers, 18; nuisance, 1; sturdy beggars, 8; neglect to support family, 11; wilfully escaping, 25; total, 566.

Deaths.—Deaths in Providence from intemperance and delirium tremens (See Report of Dr. E. M. Snow), in 1873, were 9. The following is a comparative statement: 1870, 6; 1871, 4; 1872, 11; 1873, 9.

Commercial.

BOSTON MARKET.

WHEAT—Superior, \$1.50; extra, \$1.55; No. 1, \$1.45; No. 2, \$1.35; No. 3, \$1.25; No. 4, \$1.15; No. 5, \$1.05; No. 6, \$0.95; No. 7, \$0.85; No. 8, \$0.75; No. 9, \$0.65; No. 10, \$0.55; No. 11, \$0.45; No. 12, \$0.35; No. 13, \$0.25; No. 14, \$0.15; No. 15, \$0.05.

RYE—Superior, \$1.50; extra, \$1.55; No. 1, \$1.45; No. 2, \$1.35; No. 3, \$1.25; No. 4, \$1.15; No. 5, \$1.05; No. 6, \$0.95; No. 7, \$0.85; No. 8, \$0.75; No. 9, \$0.65; No. 10, \$0.55; No. 11, \$0.45; No. 12, \$0.35; No. 13, \$0.25; No. 14, \$0.15; No. 15, \$0.05.

BARLEY—Superior, \$1.50; extra, \$1.55; No. 1, \$1.45; No. 2, \$1.35; No. 3, \$1.25; No. 4, \$1.15; No. 5, \$1.05; No. 6, \$0.95; No. 7, \$0.85; No. 8, \$0.75; No. 9, \$0.65; No. 10, \$0.55; No. 11, \$0.45; No. 12, \$0.35; No. 13, \$0.25; No. 14, \$0.15; No. 15, \$0.05.

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BARLEY—Superior, \$1.50; extra, \$1.55; No.

HERALD CALENDAR.

Feb. 11
Dover District Presbytery Meeting, at
Portsmouth, N. H.
Feb. 12
Reopening at W. Baldwin, Me.,
all River District Conference, at East
Weymouth, commencing eve.
Feb. 23
Bangor District Conference, at Water-
port, Me.

ZION'S
HERALD.

THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 12, 1874.

WHY NOT LICENSE THE SALE OF
ALCOHOLIC BEVERAGES?

For the same reasons that we object to the licensing of gambling saloons and houses for the gratification of lust. The pure ladies of St. Louis, and of the whole country, the chaste and intelligent women of Great Britain, also, have indignantly and earnestly protested against measures of this nature in reference to the latter vice. It is a painful fact to admit, but still is a fact, that, in spite of prohibitory laws against gambling and social vices, there is not a city or a large town in the country where they are not practiced; although in the instance of these crimes, public sentiment fully accords with the severe penalties of the law, and sustains magistrates and police officers in a vigorous execution of it. Still these vices curse our cities, and are ruining thousands of our citizens. No law suggests a more lenient form of law in this direction, or the abrogation of the law, because it is so constantly trampled upon; and no intelligent man can do his reason so much injustice as to dare affirm that either or both of these forms of vice together, send so many wretched victims to ruin as intemperance. Indeed, the outer door to both these great social evils is the one that leads into the drinking-saloon; and few young persons find their way to the gambling-table, and the companionship of the outcasts of society, until their passions have been inflamed, and their moral purposes broken down by poisonous beverages.

Think what a difference it makes as to the exposure of young persons, in thus placing a social and criminal band upon the practice of these vices, and upon the persons that administer to their gratification. If the law acknowledged them, they would parade their flouting temptations openly in the light of day. As in the great gambling hells in Central Europe which have just been broken up, because they were an unendurable curse despite the enormous sums they paid for their licenses to the government, every art, and the highest forms of elegance and luxury, would be brought under contribution to attract the unwary steps of the curious within their beautiful but deadly halls. Even where the law temporarily becomes lax in its operations, as heretofore in Washington, and in John Morrissey's palace of sin in Saratoga, these fatal scenes of vice are placed upon the most frequented streets, veiled, indeed, with the most attractive embellishments of home quiet and virtuous—charming "club houses," endowed with every solicitation to human taste and appetite that gold can purchase, with statuary, pictures, music, and sumptuous meals. Are these places any the less infernal, because their infernal fires are wonderfully guarded from bursting forth into open flames before the eyes of the community? Is a judge of the Supreme Court of the city of New York, who has been justly removed for his crimes from the bench which he dishonored, any less effectually ruined, because he loses his money and his character in such a gilded palace of Satan as one of these?

Where the law against these vices is executed with any rigor, they seek the retired streets, they slink away behind closed shutters. The men that have the charge of them bear the mark of Cain, as they ought, upon their foreheads. Those that frequent these resorts become social pariahs. It costs self-respect a fearful sacrifice, in the case of a respectable young man, to be discovered in such places. The sudden swoop of the police into these hidden resorts fills with proper horror the minds of those who are thus to be drawn out before the eyes of the community, from the miserable holes where crime seeks to cover its hideous forms.

This is the effect, in a degree, even now, of the prohibitory law. The constant temptation of the rows of stimulating beverages which would certainly be openly paraded in our hotels and licensed saloons, is now removed. Men break the law, indeed, but it is not an open breach of it. These gratifications are stealthily obtained. The man that does not desire the glass, is rarely offended by having it passed, under his eye in public places. Young men do not stand at the counters of restaurants and challenge each other to drink, and still preserve their self-respect; and social position. It makes an amazing difference as to the tempting power of the vice, whether it is socially and publicly recognized, or whether, like the solemn voice of the ten commandments often broken, but never abrogated, the law of the land, pronounces its sanction against the indulgence.

There is a lower view of the subject that may be properly taken. It relates to individual rights. Why should the State legislate wealth into the hands of a class? Why should one set of men be permitted to make immense sums of money, and others be forbidden, to en-

ter upon the business? If it is an honorable trade, it ought to be open to all. If it is right for one man to sell it, it is right for every man.

The same result will be found, after all, if the commerce in drinking beverages is restricted. Poor men, laboring men, men who smoke bad tobacco and have the odor of their labor about them, will not go, and would not be permitted to enter into Parker's and the licensed drinking rooms. They will have the liquor. The sale will only be a little more carefully guarded, and the liquor will only be, if possible, a little more poisonous, because the risks are greater, and must be cheated out of the quality of the drink provided.

It has been well said that the abrogation of a prohibitory law can only be, at the worst, a temporary matter. The community cannot stand free from non-ferrous beer. The results touch every circle from the pulpit down. The dead like the first-born of Egypt would soon be in every family, and there would be a great cry throughout the land. Our penitentiaries, and hospitals, our poor houses, our police establishments will become too onerous for us to endure. It is foolish to hide one's eyes to the acknowledged results of even pure alcoholic and fermented drinks. The testimony of science and experience is overwhelming. Wealth clamors for its opportunities; appetite is always a maniac; office is proverbially conservative; a newspaper depends upon its advertisements; we shall always have the logic of selfishness, but human society cannot exist with free rum, and men will not endure its awful tax upon property, body, and soul.

OLD ENGLAND IN A FLURRY.

Gladstone has fairly sprung a trap on the English nation, and most unexpectedly hurled it into the chaos and tumult of a witch's kettle. Had he not summoned the Parliament, but dissolved it and ordered new elections, the measure would seem a little more in keeping with the policy of a true statesman; but he now looks too much like the subterfuge of a political trickster, who, serving his game slip from his hands, summons his henchman, and breaks up the company in an improvised tumult.

This fact, we fear, will work against him more than his war-cry of high taxation and abolition of the income tax will help him, although we grant that in his platform he has pierced his opponents between the joints of the armor; they have really no very practical plank to stand upon, unless, like the Ultramontanes of the continent, they hypocritically adopt a liberal code of some kind for the nonce, and very thief with the crowd to avoid being taken before the people's bar. But the advantage which liberal has over conservative England is found in the fact that its principal measures have already been largely discussed, and on these it was ready to seize the cudgel at a moment's warning; for the canvass is scarcely announced before we find the elections taking place in the cities, and these lines can reach our readers they will be fully under way, or largely over in the counties. This seems an odd way to struggle through the work, and one which suggests to the average American politician of our city slums a glorious chance for the noble science of repeating.

The household suffrage, now granted to the cities, makes this canvass of unusual interest, and practically brings this class to the ballot-box on the Parliamentary question for the first time. The result is a famous gathering of white spirits and gray, and a hying to the hustings of all the elements of unrest of which Old England can boast. The famous agitator, Bradlaugh, was fairly caught away from his post, on his mission of evil to this country; and though he instantly boarded the fleetest steamer, on hearing the trumpet's clarion call, we fear he will be only at the death. In the meanwhile we perceive that Odger steals a march on him; and, gathering his braves, dissolves a conservative meeting with the force of English muscle and the inspiration of English ale.

It is quite clear that beef and beer are bound to do their part in this contest, and that the English have not yet learned the valuable art of a peaceful fight with ballots. It was their fashion, a few years ago, to magnify every little election riot in this country into an incipient revolution, and a sure augury of the speedy ruin of the Yankee republic at the hands of a lawless mob. We sincerely hope they may now be favored with the "gifle" of Bobby Burns to see themselves as others see. It will relieve them of a great deal of anxiety in looking abroad to discover the motives in their neighbors' eyes.

Two measures, that will be of course very hurriedly canvassed on these hustings, will be of immense import to the future progress of the nation, and will doubtless, in some districts, be the *sine qua non* of the liberal platform. And these are suffrage for the agricultural laborers, and compulsory education. And we rejoice to see that Joseph Arch is looking well after the one, and Roebuck caring for the other. Arch himself has been invited to stand, but seems to have thought it best to decline, we opine because he feels that he can do more good as a champion at large for his suffering class than should be confined himself to a close fight for his own political preference. Joseph Arch is destined, we believe, to be a Moses for his people, and finally to bring them out of the state of bondage. There is no doubt but their trials

are intolerable, and that his wand alone can subdue their taskmasters.

He demands a reform in their industrial relations to their employers, and the ballot as a means of self-defense; and if these things are not soon granted to which to guide them, and already they are looking to their western plains, to Canada, and to Australia. Joseph Arch can, if he pleases, nearly denude the fair fields of England of the sturdy laborers who turn up her rich furrows without receiving enough of the proceeds to satisfy the merest wants of themselves and their families, and he says he intends to do so. And this fact, now well known to England's feudal lords, makes them tremble as they still hesitate to yield. Let them hold out a little longer, and the cry will come which has so often blanched the cheeks of obtinate rulers just across the channel: "Too late."

"Compulsory Education," says Roebuck, and well he may. It is high time for England to educate her new masters. A more extended suffrage will bring to the ballot box a vast mass of coarse ignorance which English statesmen can manage in no other way than by kneading and moulding it into shape; and this they are beginning now to see. They have learned some significant lessons of late on the Continent. The Parisian *Expositor* taught them that their artisans are falling behind those of many other countries because they are simply living machines without brain power; and they learned at Sedan the same lesson which the French did—the need of educated soldiers.

NEW JERSEY CORRESPONDENCE.

METHODISM IN NEWARK.

The city of Newark is better known than any other in New Jersey. For years it was the metropolis of the State. Its manufactures, its broad avenues, its elegant private residences, its ancient families, its cultured citizens, its rare municipal government—these are famous.

It is also a city of churches. They say, in Newark, that one must do two things to be a genuine Newarkeer—take the *Daily Advertiser*, and go to church. With possibly the exception of Baltimore, Methodism is believed to be relatively stronger in Newark than in any other city of the Union. Let us glance at her churches, as in our last letter we did at those of Jersey City. With a population of 125,000, Newark contains 14 Methodist churches, beside several mission chapels—churches of to-morrow.

1. *Halsey Street*—the old Wesley Chapel—the mother of all Newark Methodism, still flourishes. Unlike so many of our mother churches, she gives no sign of decay. Mark her present membership—626. Her church edifice is the largest in the city. Her contributions to the cause of missions last year exceeded \$600, and was only surpassed by two churches in the city—the Central, which gave \$1,200, and St. Paul's, which gave \$1,340. Her Sunday-school numbers 470. She gave last year for the support of worn-out preachers \$350—that being the largest collection for that cause of any church in the Conference. From these figures, one would not think that old Halsey Street was in her decadence. Nay; but rather she thrives in "youth eternal."

If the limits of this article permitted, the writer would like to recall the names of those who have preached the Gospel of the Crucified from her venerable pulpit for years and years ago. She has never imported "star" preachers from abroad. Her own Conference has always been able to supply her pulpit. Only once has she ever asked for a transferred man, and then she did not get him.

In these days, Rev. J. H. Knowles (Wesleyan Class of '54, and brother of your D. C. Knowles, of St. Paul's, Lynn), is pastor. He has itinerated so extensively over the country that he is well known. Years ago he went from New Jersey to Western New York, to Batavia and Buffalo, thence to Middle-town, Ct., where he preached in our college days; thence to Atlanta, Ga., and thence to Newark—coming back to his native State, to find the writer trusts, his permanent, as well as his most congenial field of labor.

2. *Franklin Street* is one of the churches of the olden time, and of the old kind; (God bless them!) Her present membership is 386. No ravishing music or eloquent preaching in the great church, a block or two away (St. Paul's), ever entices a true son or daughter of "Old Franklin Street" from the venerable Sabbath home. I think that her altar have been the scenes of more powerful revivals than any other spot in Newark. Thousands have gone out from her, new-born, to bless the world. Once Franklin Street was in the southern part of the city, as Halsey Street was in the northern; now both are in the centre, for the city has grown miles beyond them, both north and south. Rev. Ralph S. Arndt is pastor of Franklin Street now-a-days. If you, good reader, had been the victim of so many of his jokes as this writer has, you would speak of him, doubtless, with relentless severity. But if, at the same time, you knew, as this writer knows, what a great true heart he has, you would speak his name lovingly, as this writer does. I wish Dickens had known Ralph S. Arndt. He would then have met a man, after the manner of those he loved, great in gentleness as in physical development; and, without what in his whole life and varied acquaintance, poor Dickens seems never to have met and known, a genuine Christian gentleman.

3. *Clinton Street* is situated nearer

the acknowledged centre of the city (the intersection of Broad and Market Streets) than any other of our churches. Last year it built better, enlarged and refurnished.

Here the Bishop from Atlanta, he who was of Zion's Herald, and Dr. L. D. Barrows, of Lawrence, were once pastors; nor are their names forgotten or their works lost until this day. Her membership is 366. The roll-call of her sons would bring an answering, "here," from many a city and many a high place in the Church. Prof. John A. Monroe, of sparkling eloquence and genial manners, is the "man at the helm."

4. *Union Street* is situated east of the Pennsylvania railroad, in the midst of a dense population, and holds her own and more. Rev. J. W. Seran (brother-in-law of Captain J. B. Thomas of Charleston) is pastor—a man famous among us not less for all the graces of his heart, than for an eloquence born of a rapt imagination and an exhaustive emotional nature.

5. *Central Church*, on Market Street, is one of the great churches of Newark—nay, of Methodism. A grand edifice, it has the finest spire in the city; a nave of the dark gothic style. The congregation is composed largely of the cultured, the influential, the men of note in the city. With the pulpit where Alfred Cookman stood and preached his last sermon, a cenotaph stands before his bearing his saintly name—in her history, as well as in her present strength, the Central is a grand church. Dr. G. S. Hare is pastor. You know him in New England so much better than I do, that comment is both unnecessary and inappropriate—only this, that his pastorate among us has been most successful.

The Central pays \$4,000 salary besides a parsonage. James G. Barnett, esq., "the most popular man in Newark," is President of the Board of Trustees.

6. *Eighth Avenue* is the old Quarry Street that some of your readers know; yet torn down and built larger. Rev. T. Walters is closing his first year with this Church amid "shouts of rejoicing."

7. *St. Paul's*. Good reader, stop here for breath. There are some people, doubtless, members of sister churches in the city, who would question what I am about to write. Yet I write it slowly and deliberately—that, in the opinion of folks who ought to know, St. Paul's is, from the preacher's standpoint, the foremost appointment in American Methodism. Wherefore?

1. Materially. The church edifice is grand, being valued at \$125,000. Mt. Vernon Place of Baltimore, Grace of Wilmington, St. John's of Brooklyn, and perhaps one or two others were built, indeed, at greater cost. The preacher lives in a mansion, without doubt, forming the first parsonage in the connection; this is \$25,000, and is furnished richly. The salary paid is \$4,000, which, with very liberal perquisites, enables the pastor of St. Paul's to "keep soul and body together," comfortably, rather.

2. Socially. The pastor of St. Paul's stands, by a kind of common consent, at the head of his profession in the city. His people are the choicest spirits. Somehow, to attend St. Paul's has come to be, as our English friends would say, "the proper thing, you know." Gen. Theodore Runyon, the chancellor of the State, is a member, class-leader, Sunday-school teacher, etc., in this Church. Then the people, to a man, have a happy way of believing in their pastor. Dashiell, Meredith, Tiffany, Sims, as others who preceded them, each in turn has been their idol, in a proper way. Yet I do not know that socially St. Paul's could outrank Central.

3. Religiously. The man who occupies the pulpit of St. Paul's preaches to more people than any other man in Newark. Nightly, I am told, in these days, hundreds are unable to find room within her spacious walls. Outside of Beecher's church, I never heard such singing. The prayer-meetings are great gatherings, and now-a-days are revival times. O, ye church-members, with such facilities, such multitudes, such singing, such preaching and all, how will your Master judge you if you bear not mighty harvests of souls! The membership numbers 600. Dr. C. N. Sims is pastor.

8. *Trinity* is builded upon a hill. Rev. N. Vansant is pastor, a man who has served his time as Presiding Elder, and yet has survived that trying ordeal so well that he seems to be with the keener for it. Of gifted pen and genial manners, he is a brother beloved among us. 9. *South Market Street* is a comparatively small church, in the extreme eastern portion of the city. It has had to struggle somewhat, yet this writer hears that it is struggling up to better things under the care of Rev. J. Faulk, the present pastor.

10. *St. Luke's*, on Clinton Avenue, an elegant situation, among a charming people. Only the chapel is completed, yet it is the finest chapel in the city, being valued at \$55,000. The membership numbers 362. In staunch-hearted States O. Mead, the treasurer of St. Luke's, this writer, long ago, found a good friend and a host, in more senses than one. Ere long the people of St. Luke's will erect a grand church on their grand site.

The pastor, perhaps, you live so far away, you never heard his name; it is John Coyle, simple John Coyle—"at your service"—he would add. He is a young man (that is, he is aged 35), who has shot up, of late, like a rocket into the galaxy of pulpit luminaries; but who, unlike a rocket, has not come down, a charred stick, but has changed

into a fixed star of rare brilliancy. His eloquence (this writer, for the first time, falters at mention of it), shines so high above us all. St. Luke's is counted the great Church of to-morrow. But I must hasten.

11. *East Newark* is a fine church, just dedicated a few weeks ago. Its growth will be rapid. Rev. J. L. Hays, true-hearted, lion-hearted, is the pastor. 12. *Roseville*. A beautiful suburb, is the site of an excellent church. Here Dr. Dashiell and family live and worship. Rev. J. R. Adams, a man who walks in the way of the fathers, and walks uprightly, is pastor.

13. *Centenary* is one of the youngest, yet one of the best of the less pretentious churches of Newark. Dr. E. E. Chambers, late of the East Genesee Conference, is pastor.

14. *St. John's* is a prosperous church, belonging to our colored brethren.

Thus I have run hurriedly over the Newark churches. Their total membership is 4,543. Their total property valuation is \$588,000. Thus it will be seen that Methodism in Newark is a great power. Wealth, social position, all advantages are hers. Her churches are not all well located, yet are all prosperous. The multitudes through her sanctuaries. The most famous citizens worship at her altars. The most brilliant preachers occupy her pulpits.

All these things God has given her, and for all these, surely, God will hold her strictly responsible. Trembling, yet boldly, may she ever exert her mighty powers for our Christ. Over all this district there presides, at this writing, the genius of common sense, a Presiding Elder; who is welcome in every pulpit; whose support nobody deems burdensome; whose mind is strong, far-sighted, persistent; whose hand is ever ready; and the mention of whose name is the strongest argument one can bring, in these parts, against the overthrow of the Presiding Eldership—it is Alexander L. Bruce. "Never heard it before!" haven't you? I am sorry for you. So are all the people who know him.

Relatively with that of her sister cities, I think Newark Methodism has no need to be ashamed. Certainly, New York has no Methodist Church which will compare (in all the points of real excellence) with one or two of the great Newark churches.

That unexplored region, that inexplicable confusion of horse-car railroads, which they call Brooklyn, has two or three churches which may stand "neck and neck" with them. But by none are they surpassed, in all facilities and opportunities. God grant they may be true to their mission—the glorifying the name of God, and saving the souls of men. A. J. PALMER.

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.

The Tenth Annual Report of the Board of State Charities of Massachusetts has been prepared from the pen of the able FRANKLIN. It forms, with its appendices, an octavo volume of 400 pages, and compares well with its predecessors, in the clearness, thoroughness, and suggestiveness, with which it discusses the condition of the poor, "defective," and criminal classes of the Commonwealth. The number of persons last year entirely dependent upon the charge of the State, excluding prisoners, was 3,483, an increase of 209 over the previous year. The number of State prisoners and inmates of workhouses was 576. Including the blind, mute, and idiotic there were 4,211 persons in all, receiving State aid. The costs of these entirely dependent was \$328,720.54; and the amount of expenditure for all charitable purposes was \$609,000, besides \$190,000 paid out as State aid to soldiers.

The condition of all these wards of the Commonwealth, helpless, defective, and criminal, is considered by the Board in their condensed report and by the Secretary, Edward L. Pierce, esq., at greater length in his, and both should be carefully read by the intelligent citizens of the State. In no State is this work of supererogatory poverty and misery, its exposed childhood and those deprived of one or more of their senses, more intelligently or economically performed than in ours. The annual volumes of the Board have been eagerly welcomed by students in social science, practical philanthropy, and the managers of reformatory, lunatic and penal institutions, and almshouse departments.

It is no fault of the Board that the State is not doing something more worthy of her reputation, for the reformation of the prisoner, and the saving of him from sinking back into a hopeless criminal class—the most expensive of all the State's charges, and the one which the State is least likely to pay. The State is a greater shame that, to the present hour, no adequate provision has been made for female prisoners. There is still room for improvement, also, in the management of juvenile delinquents. Experience convinces us that very young children and large youth should not be trained in reformatory together. Small institutions will, usually, accomplish the most positive good; and as it is desirable to develop the humanity and the piety of the citizens of the State, as also their skill and intelligent reflection, in the management of defective and delinquent youth, it is well for the State to encourage, as in Great Britain, voluntary efforts, subject always to proper supervision, by the allowance of a per capita subsidy, where such children and youth are wisely taught and trained by voluntary associations.

We are sorry to note the apparent lack of harmony between the trustees of the Industrial School at Lancaster, which was under our care during the first six years of its existence, and the State Board. This fact, as is made evident by both reports, greatly limits the usefulness of this important school of reform. There is a call for both firms of discipline suggested by these two bodies of intelligent supervisors. There is no necessary difference of opinion between them. There should be a temporary home for the quite young, morally untrained, and viciously disposed girl. The confinement of such mere children in an institution ought not to be long, but should ordinarily always precede their introduction into a family; and there ought to be a place where they may be returned when they are found to be incorrigible under the ordinary family discipline. There are hundreds of these young girls in the cities and large towns of Massachusetts, that could be taught and disciplined while (an average perhaps of a year) in such a school, and then be placed, with

doubtless, not a few failures at first, in families as servants; not as children often.

But the State needs another place for her young female criminals, especially for those that have been guilty of social offences. These need kind, but positive restraint; they require the most intelligent instruction; they should be taught some industrial trade, as only a small proportion of them will ever be willing to perform house service. Their work might be a considerable contribution towards the support of the institution; a portion of it, however, should be passed to their credit, and ultimately paid to them, in the discretion of the trustees. We have no doubt the necessary restraint of these unhappy young women could be made both kind in its character, and reformatory in its discipline. It is much cheaper for the State to provide such a refuge, than to suffer the consequences of their street vices; not even considering what a great gulf lies between a saved and a lost woman, to herself!

The remarkable work of Dr. Brooks upon "Our New Departure" in Universalism, is creating a very lively sensation in the denomination. Dr. Brooks deals very faithfully with the spiritual deficiencies of his Church. He insists upon the New Testament graces of repentance, trust in the Mediation of Jesus Christ, and the regeneration of the Holy Spirit. These doctrines of the Cross ever form a discriminating test of discipleship, and are "set for the fall and rising again of man in Israel;" when not accepted they become "a sign" to the "spoken against," that "the thoughts of many hearts may be revealed." This is the effect of Dr. Brooks' new evangelical "departure." A writer in the *Universalist Quarterly*, while commending the object and spirit of the volume, says, very significantly, "it is useless, we think, to attempt to incorporate the phraseology of Orthodoxy into the language of Universalism. The two systems are radically opposite, and their respective dialects are not kindred. The piety which springs from Universalism differs from that of Orthodoxy, as the flowers and fruits grown naturally in the sunshine and sweet atmosphere of the garden and the orchard differ from those forced into unnatural development by the fires of the hot-house." How true piety, however produced, could be unlike itself is difficult to see, but how a spiritual and regenerate state may differ from a natural and sinful condition, we can easily apprehend, and how also, the outward and apparent change, wrought by the Holy Spirit, may be symbolized by the difference between a wild flower and one that has been cultivated, we can as easily comprehend.

We cordially sympathize with every earnest movement like this of Dr. Brooks, to awaken spiritual life among men. The new birth of the Spirit, secured by faith in Him who was "lifted up," as was the serpent in the wilderness, is the Master's own "door" into His kingdom. "Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God." We do not interpret the Scriptures relating to the "last things," as does Dr. Brooks; but if a man is a true disciple of Jesus his present and future are safe.

The withdrawal of Rev. John A. Latane, pastor of St. Matthew's Church, Wheeling, Va., from the Protestant Episcopal Church, to unite with the Reformed Episcopal Church, has produced a profound impression upon the Church he has left, than the departure of Bishop Cummins. He is a man of marked ability, widely known, and universally beloved and respected. He has been held in high esteem for the clearness and soundness of his judgment, the earnestness of his devotion to his work, and the purity of his life. His letter to Bishop Johns, while written in a calm, kind, and most Christian spirit, presents a startling indictment against the Protestant Episcopal Church, as to the tone it exhibits toward "low churchmen," as to the present administration of its discipline, and as to the growing ritualistic and Romanizing tendencies now manifested within its ranks, among clergy and laity. The following are the points in the letter of withdrawal which Mr. Latane illustrates with great fullness, and with convincing facts and reasoning:—

"1. The unhappy division of the Church into High Church and Low Church parties; the former contending for the retention of the old liturgy, and the latter for the Protestantism."

"2. The countenance which the Prayer-book seems to give to those 'erroneous and strange doctrines contrary to God's word,' such as baptismal regeneration, a priesthood, and a sacrifice on the Lord's supper, and absolution, out of which the division in the Church has grown."

"3. The absolute impossibility of getting rid of those objectionable expressions in the services of the Prayer-book, repeated efforts having been made to purge it of them, but without success."

"4. The attitude in which the Protestant Episcopal Church stands in the present day to other Protestant churches."

Some of our Congregational and Presbyterian exchanges are exercised about the individual efforts of our churches to secure the ministers they prefer, where a change occurs in their pulpits. They think the itinerancy is breaking up. O, no! Its one of the possibilities of an admirable, elastic plan. Bishop and Cabinet have every desire but to satisfy and profit the people. The churches have their choice, not always the wisest, indeed, and there is no serious friction in the operation of the system. One of our neighbors thus pictures us:—

"'Calls' have already been extended to right or ten of the leading Methodist ministers of New York and New England, and the action of the bishops at the Conference sessions in April. The Bishops will no doubt regard the voice of 'the people as the voice of God, unless there should be several 'calls' for the same man, in which case they will be obliged to fall back upon some other method of making their appointments. And this is the ancient and honorable itinerancy!"

Thanks! but the pity is a "work of supererogation." The appointing power directs when necessary, balances opinions, and decides, finally, if required. In a few weeks after Conference no one would think the churches had changed their ministers for years, the whole field will be so quiet, and under such uninterrupted cultivation. If a mistake is made, an untimely minority need not go to "log rolling." In a few months everything can be pleasantly adjusted again.

The Congregationalist lectures our earnest revival laborers directly, in a general note upon the apparent reverence with which the presence of the Lord Jesus, and the effectual influences of the Holy Spirit are referred to in revival notices. The Congregationalist knows well, that every sect has its religious *patois*, that good taste cannot always justify, but which long habit has divested of all conscious irreverence. We have heard in the staidest "orthodox" social meetings, traditional and habitual expressions, in prayer and address, as shocking to a delicate taste, and as unscriptural according to our interpretation, as the gushing impersonation of a present Saviour by a Methodist exhorter. At this moment the religious papers of Great Britain are criticizing somewhat unfavorably the same con-

sistential and sectional habit of Mr. Moody, at his revival meetings. They quote this illustration of his earnestness, and of his vivid apprehension of the nearness of God to him in his evangelical work:

"Mr. Moody comes rushing into a meeting, crying out, 'Gospel'—that's the word I heard when I reached the pulpit stair. Do you know what 'Gospel' means? People are afraid of me as if I had come to lead them out to execution, or as if I were inviting them to a funeral. No, no, I bring you good news and glad tidings of great joy. Sinners are going down to hell, and God comes in His great love and says, 'Don't go down to hell. Here's My hand, take hold of it, and I'll save you.'"

When a man is really in earnest, when he has a positive conviction, and speaks because he cannot keep silent, he does not, and we do not usually, stop to weigh the exact force of his words.

Prof. Goldwin Smith seems in some way to have received a strong personal twist against the citizens of the United States, during his residence among us. Perhaps he has not esteemed "the oracle" that he has come to believe himself to be. Free criticisms in our democratic press disturbed the equilibrium of his temper, so now he is having his "sweet revenge." In his address before a Union Congress of artisans at Sheffield, England, he took occasion to rank "Canada, as an emigration field, above the United States." "It possesses," he said, "the natural advantages of the latter, without its political disadvantages. An Englishman in the States has to hear expressions of deep-rooted hatred towards his native land, which wound his affection for 'the old country.' In the eastern districts of the Union, Mr. Smith found this feeling of animosity very strong. But when he came to America, he was among Britons, and in a country 'an exact counterpart of England,' without, however, an established Church, an aristocracy, and a squirearchy." He accounts Cornell University as partly a failure. He says, "The American intellectual labor market is already overstocked." Mr. Smith cannot recommend ambitious artisans to cross the Atlantic in order to make use of the Cornell University. Hard manual and mental toil cannot be effectually combined; both draw upon the same exhaustible fund of nervous energy. Mr. Smith's lectures at the University were, nevertheless, he says, "attended by men in their working dress—prize men who earned both bread and prizes."

Mr. Smith doubtless projects his own instinctive feelings in behalf of Great Britain, in the arbitration controversy, when he speaks of the "animosity" on the part of America. He refers to Eastern men, as they were the most conspicuous in the literature of the arbitration question. A British scholar or statesman, says, perhaps, Caleb Cushing, could be considered bitter in his feelings or expressions towards Great Britain, even on that most exasperating theme?

The following particulars of the last sickness of Dr. Cobleigh are given in his paper of last week: "The hand that directed these columns since June, 1872, will write no more." Dr. Cobleigh had been suffering from a severe cold for several weeks, but nevertheless kept up, attending the North and South Carolina Conferences, and then dedicating a church on the 25th of January, near Athens, Tenn. On his return from Athens, Monday night, he complained of general prostration, and took to his bed immediately. On Tuesday morning he still lay in pain in his chest and back, and his physician pronounced the disease pneumonia, with typhoid symptoms. He grew worse till Thursday night, the 29th, and then seemed to rally with expectation of soon being up for duty. He relapsed on Saturday night, and fell asleep in Jesus. He died in his fifty-eighth year, and closed a most eventful life—one full of faithful toil for the Church of his choice, and the Saviour whom he so joyfully loved."

The Pittsburgh Christian Advocate announces in its leading editorial the death of Matthew Simpson, esq., of Allegheny City. He died January 27, aged ninety-eight. He was a life-long member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and filled distinguished positions during his long career in the State. The editor says of him:

"The Church and the world are under obligations to Mr. Simpson for the large and influential part which he had in the education of his distinguished nephew, Bishop Simpson. The Bishop was left fatherless in early life, and Mr. Simpson seems to have adopted him as his son. He had no children of his own. But well did he perform the part of father, guide, philosopher and friend. He was a man of great energy, and even later years; and the Bishop has always exercised towards him the affection, reverence and, more lately, the care of a son. It will be a grief to the Bishop, who has gone on episcopal duties to Mexico, that in his absence the venerable man has departed this life, and that he had not the mournful satisfaction of being present when the mortal remains were deposited in their last resting-place."

The Church of the Messiah, on Park Avenue, New York (Unitarian), seems to be peculiarly unfortunate. It was built under the pastorate of Dr. Osgood; it is very elegant, but was embarrassed with a heavy debt upon it. Dr. Osgood left it, and entered the Episcopal Church, and was succeeded by his son, Mr. Heworth, who was then drawing crowds to his evening lectures in Music Hall, Boston. Mr. Heworth, like his predecessor, leaned toward orthodoxy. He could have saved the Church, if its membership had stood with him, but not upon its existing basis. So he went his way, and Mr. Powers, a little while before a puritanical minister of very liberal tendencies, was called to lift the oppressive burden. He now offers his resignation, and declares it to be his opinion that the Church cannot prosper without disposing of its magnificent but debt-burdened edifice, and beginning afresh on a humbler basis. Indeed, he makes a more radical charge against it, affirming that it is "not a genuine Church of Christ." Mr. Powers may find it necessary for his spiritual repose to return to his old friends.

Dr. Dexter, of the Congregationalist, made a very calm and able address before the Legislative Committee, having in charge the petition of the trustees of the Old South Church for the power to sell the property for mercantile purposes, and to devote the proceeds to the erection of chapels in other parts of the city. He represented the general desire of Congregational ministers for its retention in its present form, upon its ever memorable site, both as a relic of the past upon whose walls memorial slabs might be placed, and as a mission Church for a large and peculiar population, finding their homes in the business portion of the city, and too often quite unprovided with religious opportunities. If an efficient minister of the right type were secured, it

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

Sunday, Feb. 23.

First Quarter.

Lesson VIII. Exodus xiii. 17-22.

BY L. D. BARROWS, D. D.

THE EXODUS.

17. And it came to pass, when Pharaoh had let the people go, that God led them through the way of the wilderness of the Philistines, although that was near: for God said, Let peradventure the people repent when they see war, and they return to Egypt.

18. But God led the people about, through the way of the wilderness of the Red Sea: and the children of Israel went up harnessed out of the land of Egypt.

19. And Moses took the bones of Joseph with him: for he had straitly sworn the children of Israel, saying, God will surely visit you: and ye shall carry up my bones away hence with you.

20. And they took their journey from Succoth, and encamped in Etham, in the edge of the wilderness.

21. And the Lord went before them by day in a pillar of a cloud, to lead them the way; and by night in a pillar of fire to give them light: to go by day and night.

22. He took not away the pillar of the cloud by day, nor the pillar of fire by night, from before the people.

More than three thousand years since, more than two hundred years after the children of Israel entered Egypt, and about one hundred and fifty years after Joseph's death, Pharaoh, after much and severe punishment from God for his refusal, said at last in haste and alarm, "Rise up, and get you forth from among my people!" He gave over the struggle, long, eventful, and full of disaster to him.

In conjunction with this departure, God required of Israel that the first-born of man and of beast should be sacrificed to Him. This was a memorial of God's judgment on the Egyptians; and, also, of His preservation of the Israelitish children. What God gives and preserves to us, He has a claim upon. This was the favorable and important moment to impress on all Israel this great fact. They were always to remember: "By strength of hand, the Lord brought us forth out of Egypt."

God led them. They were now taken under His guidance and leadership in a sense, and to an extent of particulars, unknown before. They could not mistake, nor be left in doubt in the smallest particular of God's will, or their duty and interest. Their every want was met. Who leads us, settles the question, the great question, the anxious question, of our future?

Not through the way of the land of the Philistines. We have here the journeying of the children of Israel to the edge of the wilderness, and the borders of the Red Sea. This was not the nearest way; that was through the land of the Philistines, to the northeast. The one in which they were led towards the Sinai peninsula was nearly south.

The Philistines were a strong and warlike nation, inhabiting the south of Palestine; and had been long hostile to Israel, growing out of trouble between them, as recorded in 1 Chron. vii. 21, 22, etc.

When they see war. He who brought them out of Egypt with a stretched out hand could with equal ease have carried them through a Philistine war; but God does not unnecessarily try or afflict His people. They were now with long and cruel servitude, enervated, spirit-broken, and needed no further chastening at present. Providence deals wisely, and kindly; and if He ever seems to deal roughly, it is when and where that is called for as the best for us. In His hands are we, with our natural and supernatural surroundings hidden or blended in His parental leadership of us. Let us follow all providential indications, merciful or afflictive, with thanksgiving.

Wilderness of the Red Sea—so called in contradistinction from that which they would have crossed in a straight road to the land of Canaan. The former is called the wilderness of Etham; both are included under the wider term, Shur. Had Moses been acting under his own plans rather than divine direction, it is not probable he would have taken the road he did; for he had long fed the flocks of Jethro in that wilderness, and knew well that it afforded no sustenance for the millions of people. Subdued and humbled now, they follow only God. This Red Sea is represented as a basin, deep and rocky, some 1,160 miles in length, with a mean breadth of 120 miles. Not a single river flows into it; but its phosphorescent waters are exceedingly beautiful. At its northern extremity, it separates into two minor gulfs, or inlets, which inclose between them the peninsula of Sinai. The western gulf was crossed by the Hebrews.

Went up harnessed, or well arranged, and orderly; some suppose in companies of five; did not march out like a disorderly and undisciplined mob. Order has been called "Heaven's first law." System and regularity pertain to all God's works and ways; and should also pertain to Christian people, and Christian measures. Confusion and irregularity are a loss of time and strength.

Moses took the bones of Joseph with him. More than a hundred years prior to this, Joseph had caused the people to take oath that, when they removed, they would take his bones with them. This showed his strong faith in the divine promises, and the people's careful memory of pledges; and indicates also the probability that the history, the condition, the promises and prospects pertaining to this people, were much talked over and prayed about by the people during their long and diversified sojourn in Egypt. It is neither unnatural nor irreligious for us to prepare our burial and resting place in the

dust among our friends, and the friends of our God. Nor is the tender attachment to the dust of loved ones unchristian, provided it is not excessive.

From Succoth, and encamped at Etham. At this first place they arrived on the first day of unleavened bread, and it was kept on a Sabbath. They called it Succoth (i. e. booths or tabernacles), because here and now commenced their solemn dwelling in booths or tents, afterwards celebrated in the Feast of Tabernacles, in the seventh month, (Lev. xxiii. 39-43). On the second day (after their first encampment) they reached Etham, between the Bitter Lakes and the Gulf of Suez. They may have made other stops for rest and refreshments, if not regular encampments. Their vast numbers, herds, and luggage, must have rendered slow travel necessary.

The Lord went before them. Here, as they enter the wilderness, none but God can guide them; which He does not in a way which human wisdom would suggest. The Lord who went before them, St. Paul (1 Cor. x. 9) calls Christ, whom they subsequently tempted. Now they enter the region of the supernatural. Jehovah appears in the form suited to earthly eyes—a pillar of cloud and of fire. The ancient Persians carried a sacred fire in silver altars before their armies. So the God of Israel now, by this visible cloud or vapor conspicuous to all these scattered hosts of men, women and children with their flocks in this wilderness, without roads, or other marks of civilization, led His dependent ones, as a father would lead his children by the hand.

This appearance in the day was as a dark cloud, and in the night like a flaming fire. In it the Lord was present, and from it He spoke to Moses. Fire, light, and heat are striking emblems of the great Spirit, and smoke, tempest, and clouds are His chariot wheels. Dr. Newhall says: "Thus the power and the wrath, the holiness and the mercy, of the formless, ever-living Jehovah are all blended in this emblem." The cloud overshadowed the people, it may be, to shield them from the burning sun by day, and sprinkle them with the gentle rain (See 1 Cor. x. 1, 2 and Ps. cv. 39). Homer and Virgil represent repeatedly their gods as encompassed with clouds.

He took not away the pillar of cloud; or, it did not vanish from their view so long as it was necessary for them. But neither Jews nor Gentiles are agreed how long it abode with them. Some think it went no further than Mount Hor, and never appeared after the death of Aaron. At all events, the ark of the covenant became its substitute, just as the Bible has now become a substitute for miracles. God never gives two lights, when one is sufficient; one being abused, a thousand would be. Outward signs and visible representations were better adapted and more useful to a rude and uncultured age; and, also, to establish some new and divine dispensation, wholly unlike what had ever before been known. Then, all fitness and propriety would indicate that they should cease. They have ceased—never to be repeated, as now we have the "more sure word of prophecy," with Christ evidently set forth before our eyes in the Scriptures, which testify of God, and reveal eternal life. Hence we may look no more for miracles; for if men will not hear Moses and the prophets, neither will they be persuaded though one rose from the dead. God does just enough—never too much. The holy Scriptures alone are now our sufficient rule of faith and practice.

ZION'S HERALD QUESTIONS.

From the Notes.

Bible Lesson Series, Feb. 23.

1. How long since Israel left Egypt? How long had they been in Egypt? How long after Joseph's death?

2. What offering did God require should be made to Him on their departure?

3. What events were thus made memorial?

4. What propriety is there in such a consecration to Him?

5. How much is involved in "God led them?"

6. What question is settled by our Leadership?

7. Why were they not led through the land of the Philistines? Did they probably know His reasons?

8. For what probable reason did God keep them out of war?

9. When does Providence lead us into rough discipline?

10. Would Moses have selected the routes ordered?

11. What can be said of the Red Sea?

12. In what manner, or order, did they leave Egypt?

13. What of God's method, or ways respecting order?

14. What should be inferred respecting religious and benevolent work?

15. Why should Joseph desire his bones carried to Canaan?

16. As they entered the wilderness, what new interposition for them?

17. How was Jehovah thus symbolized?

18. Was the cloud of any service to them except guidance?

19. What took the place of the cloud?

20. What takes the place of miracles with us?

21. What should we think if His appointed way leads us into trouble or disappointment?

The spirit of Christ sweetly claims the soul of a suffering believer, not by taking away all sense of pain, but by overcoming it with the sense of His love.

The Family.

GOOD LIFE.

He liveth long who liveth well:
All else is life but flung away;
He liveth longest who can tell
Of true things truly done each day.
Then fill each hour with what will last;
Buy up the moments as they go;
The life above when this is past
Is the ripe fruit of life below.
Sow love, and taste its fruitage pure;
Sow peace, and reap its harvest bright;
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest home of light.

THE SQUIRE AT WALTON HALL.

BY DANIEL WISE, D. D.

THE SQUIRE'S BOYHOOD AND SCHOOL LIFE.

When Master Waterton was nine years old, his glad free life in the dear old Park was brought to an unwelcome end, by his being sent away to school. Going from a pleasant home into a boarding-school, filled with rude unfeeling boys, is always a heavy trial to a child accustomed, as Charlie had been, to parental indulgence and almost unlimited freedom. It brought of his active nature, and his love of outdoor objects into conflict with the restraints and studies of school life, which he could not readily endure. The books he loved were birds' nests and the haunts of animals. His chief delight was to watch the movements and habits of the beautiful songsters of the grove and forest. In his school lessons he took no interest; but hated them as the slave does his chain and task.

His teachers did not have wit enough to perceive, that this passionate boy-love of nature was the mark of a genius for the peculiar work of a naturalist. Hence, instead of directing his opening mind, as they should have done, to the knowledge for which he craved, they tried to whip his genius into subjection to their requirements. Of course they failed. They made his book smart, but could neither make him into a scholar, after their pattern, nor hinder him from almost daily indulgence in his chosen pursuit. They did, in fact, only make his ruling passion "more distinct and clear" by their ill-judged severity. "Thus," said Charles, speaking in later years of this trying period, "are bright colors in crockery—made permanent by the action of fire; thus is dough turned crust by submitting it to the oven's heat."

After staying a year in this school, he was removed to another at Sudhoe. Similar treatment awaited him there, for the same cause; but it was not so badly submitted to with the same docility. One morning, while his teacher was laying on the rod with uncommon vigor, Charlie's temper blazed into fury. Daring like a savage dog at his tormentor's leg, he made such an impression upon it as convinced that gentleman, that though the quality of his pupil's brain was an undetermined question, there was no ground left for questioning the sharpness of his teeth. This ferocity was not characteristic of our young hero, however. On the contrary, his disposition was cheerful and exceeding kind. So much so, indeed, that it often made him the victim of his less enterprising school-mates, as you will perceive by the following facts.

He had a class-mate named Bryan Salvin, a dull, sluggish, unwieldy lad who preferred good eating and idle lounging to hunting and climbing. One Sabbath this boy said to Charlie: "Charlie, I don't like the way things are done here."

"Don't you?"

"No, I don't. The rules are too strict."

"That's so, but what can a fellow do about it, Bryan?"

"I'll tell you what I want to do. I want to write a letter to my sister, Eliza, and ask her to persuade my folks to let me go home."

"Why don't you do it, then?"

"Because I haven't any thing to write with in my room. And, Charlie, look here! I want you to squeeze through the window bars into the school-room and write the letter for me. Do, there's a good fellow. I'll do as much for you, sometime."

There was a spice of daring in the act proposed, which was as a sweet morsel to Charlie's tastes, and he was always inclined to do his classmates a favor. So, after a little more persuasion from Bryan, he consented. With vast exertion he forced his way between the iron bars, wrote the letter, and was struggling to get outside the bars again, when suddenly, to his horror, the school-room door flew open and, on the threshold, the formidable person of his teacher appeared.

Confused and frightened, he now made violent efforts to pass the bars; then, as if the Fates were against him, he made bad worse by driving his foot through a pane of glass, and was unable to draw it back. Then his teacher's angry voice fell on his tingling ears, saying:

"So you are there, Master Charles, are you?"

This question, in Charlie's opinion, required no answer. The teacher called for help and released his prisoner, generously informing him that, inasmuch as it was Sunday, he should not punish him until the next morning. That he kept his purpose to do it, then, the sore and smarting shoulders of the boy strongly attested all that week. He had done a wrong act from a kindly feeling. The teacher's rod punished the act, justly no doubt, but did not regard its motive, thereby teaching him

*Entered according to Act of Congress in the Year 1873, by Daniel A. Phillips, in the office of the Librarian of Congress, Washington.

the great lesson, not to "do evil that good may come."

At another time four of the senior students, who were gifted with "giant appetites," were dissatisfied with their allowance of food. These lads, seeing how fond Charlie was of risky adventure, persuaded him to storm "oily Mrs. Atkinson's" (the housekeeper) larder. Flattered by their praises and tempted by the danger of the deed, he planned and executed, without discovery, a series of assaults on that good lady's store-room, bringing off, each time, pockets full of bread, cheese, and other luxuries. These misdeeds gratified the lads who were as greedy giants in his eyes; but they were not by any means elevating to his own character, though illustrative of it.

One fine summer's morning, four of his schoolmates who were maliciously inclined lured him into a field, where there was a flock of geese, and one of the worst of the boys:

"These geese have no right here. This is our master's field."

"Suppose we kill them?" said a second boy.

"We ought to do it," rejoined the first boy, handing a stout stake to Charlie as he spoke, and adding, "Here, Charlie, take this and kill 'em!"

Our hero took the stake. The party walked toward the geese. As they approached the flock, the gander, as it is the habit of its race, advanced toward Charlie with a loud hiss of defiance. The brave little fellow struck it a blow on the neck which killed the creature outright.

Upon this, the four young miscreants, who had played the part of tempters, ran away as fast as their legs could carry them, and, with a meanest almost beneath contempt, told the teacher that Charlie had killed the gander. Fortunately for our hero's shoulders, he was asked on his return to give his version of the exploit. His honest manner and straightforward story convinced the master, who then punished his companions and let him pass without rebuke. But he did not wholly escape the fruits of his rash deed. He soon learned that the gander belonged to the father of a boy named Ralph Hay, who had often supplied him with much-coveted bird's eggs. This pained him for he felt that he had unwittingly injured a friend, and ever after, as he passed Ralph's home, some of the children would thrust their unkept heads through the doorway, point at him, and say, in their broad dialect,

"Yaw killed our guise."

Our next paper will relate more of his school adventures.

Englewood, N. H.

SEMI-ANNUAL HYMN.

BY REV. O. H. BATES.

Here we late with hearts of gladness,
Reared these altars to our God!
Who from out of years of sadness,
Brought us back to His abode:
Buried Bearer!
Still we bring to Thee our load,

By the mournful stream and willows,
We had almost hung our lyre,
When a voice, across the billows,
Bade us up: and never tire
Till God's temple

Was rebuilt to our Messiah.

We, the children of affliction,
Leng had waited, nor in vain;
Grant us now Thy benediction,
Here assembled in Thy name;
Rock of Refuge!

Thou'rt from age to age the same.

Fifty years of fears and fightings
Now have fled baptiz'd in tears:
Lift, O Lord, Thy glorious lightings,
Banish darkness, sighs and fears;
Make the present

Blest and best of all the years!

Help us one and altogether
Tried to bring Thy word to prove;
Pour Thy blessing now as never
From the windows of Thy love:
Come in fullness;

Not again Thy joy remove.

Now to God our hearts uprising,
Joining with the angelic throng,
In adoring anthems praising,
We will swell the happy song.

Thine and glory
To the Triune God belong.

East Abington, 1874-75.

SQUIRE BROOKE.

BY REV. J. LIVESLEY.

[Concluded.]

"Squire Brooke" had now fairly entered upon a career of public and private Christian labor, which in many of its features can hardly, if at all, be paralleled in the annals of Methodism, fruitful as it has been in raising up the most notable illustrations of Christian self-denial, of fiery zeal, and of successful toil in the vineyard of the Lord.

One qualification, however, he was deeply convinced that he needed, to enable him the most effectually to fulfill his providential mission. His Christian experience had not measured up to the divine standard of a perfect man in Christ Jesus. He was painfully conscious of the too frequent prevalence of infirmities and of temptations, over the clear convictions of judgment and duty. His love was not perfect, eating out all fear. He often failed in important particulars to fully exemplify the "mind which was in Christ." He had "power with God and with man," and often prevailed; but he deeply felt the need of a deeper and richer baptism of the Holy Ghost, that his hold on God and his power with men should no longer be fluctuating, or feeble. He sought the experience of entire sanctification, and found it; and the effect of it was seen in his life, and in the increased successfulness of his labors, especially in being rendered a greater blessing to the people of God; for multitudes, through his instrumentality were led into the same high and blessed experience.

He at one time lost this blessing, but soon regained it, and thenceforward to the close of life continued to be a consistent witness of the fullness

and glory of salvation through the blood of Jesus. He preached it, he professed it, he enjoyed it, and he exemplified it in his daily life.

One of the fruits of this experience was the adoption of a regular system of benevolence. The study of the Scriptures on this point led him to the conclusion that at least ten per cent. of his income ought to be sacredly devoted to Christian and benevolent objects. This he adopted as the general rule by which to govern his contributions. Yet it is safe to say that he usually far exceeded this limit. Conversing once with his biographer, Mr. Brooke stated that during the first fifteen years of his married life, he gave away all his income after meeting his family expenses, and did not save a shilling. Advancing years and increasing responsibilities doubtless led to a more cautious distribution of his bounty, but to the last he remained true to the principles adopted in his early life, and continued to give not less than from ten to fifteen per cent. of his income. Soon after his conversion he adopted a somewhat indiscriminate and lavish mode of giving to the poor of his neighborhood. A neighbor felt it his duty to acquaint the young squire's father with his son's singular and extravagant distribution of alms. Report says that the old gentleman asked his informant how much Mr. Edward was giving away.

"Has he given so much per week?" naming a large amount.

"O no," replied the man, surprised that so heavy a sum should be named.

"Then mind your own business," said the father, "and let Mr. Edward mind his, for he cost more than that before he went among the Methodists."

It is said that at a later date, the Squire's traveling companion, who witnessed his daily benefactions to the poor, and to the Church, was met by a gentleman who said to him,

"The Methodists will get all Mr. Brooke has, and make a poor man of him."

Informing Mr. Brooke what he had heard, and seriously suggesting the curtailment of his bounty, Mr. B. said to his friend,

"Do you think I am a fool? I only give out of my income, and if I do not touch my capital I cannot beggar myself, can I?"

Mr. Brooke's large income furnished him ample means for enjoying the luxury of giving; and as a faithful steward he nobly acquitted himself in this regard. While no deserving case of need was permitted to pass from his notice without suitable help, he was especially mindful of the demands of the Church of God upon him, and bountifully contributed to the support of her ministers, her confectional institutions, her local societies, and her needy poor.

All his services as an evangelist, or preacher of special sermons, often involving long and expensive journeys, were gratuitously rendered, he never permitting others to even defray his traveling expenses. His gifts were never ostentatious, though often made in such a way as to stimulate others by his example. He seemed to delight in such ministrations as would attract no eye but that of the recipient, and could in no sense offend the delicacy of the most sensitive nature. And in his case, generous systematic giving proved a good pecuniary investment.

So far from being reduced to poverty by his benefactions he was providentially guided, in answer to prayer (as he always avowed), in his business undertakings, so that his property greatly increased, his ability to give was proportionately increased, and his family were established in a business which has grown upon their hands, and become almost world-wide in its reputation. His biographer relates that an estate was offered for sale in the neighborhood of Huddersfield, which Mr. Brooke, after due consideration and prayer, was encouraged to purchase.

Reading one day in his closet the fifteenth chapter of Joshua, which records Caleb's gift to Achish, his daughter, and much upon God's fatherly care over himself and family, it was suddenly impressed upon his mind that the land he had purchased was rich in mineral treasure. The more he prayed, the more assured he became that the impression was from God, and in the confidence of faith he at once instituted search. Whilst the result was apparently uncertain, and each surmounted difficulty was followed by another, he was encouraged by the application of passages of Scripture which he accepted as from God. One of these was the promise, "I will instruct thee and teach thee in the way which thou shalt go; I will guide thee with mine eye." On another occasion, when severely exercised, there came with singular impressiveness and power, the words, "The Almighty shall bless thee with blessings of heaven above, and blessings of the deep that lieth under." Thus strengthened, he persevered with an unflinching conviction of ultimate success.

Returning from Leeds by train one day, the impression came clear and strong upon him as though a voice had spoken in his ear, "They have found coal." Stepping on the platform, as the train drew up at Huddersfield, the first men he met were his own borers who greeted his return with the intelligence, "We have found coal!"

This seam of coal lay in close proximity to a bed of fire-clay to which gave heightened value, and the discovery was soon turned to practical account in the establishment of extensive works for the manufacture of sanitary tubes, fire bricks, etc.

Another article will furnish some interesting incidents, illustrative of Mr. Brooke's wonderful career as an Evangelist.

GUIZOT IN HIS OLD AGE.

A writer in *Appleton's Journal* gives the following interesting account of this veteran Christian statesman and historian:

Time has dealt gently with this grand old man. More than 85 years have passed over his head, and yet he stands erect, and his eyes, those wonderful eyes, which seemed to flash out a supernatural fire during his great speeches in the Chamber, were as brilliant as if he were a youth of 20. I congratulated him upon his good looks, and he said:

"Yes, thank Heaven, I am in good health. I walk five miles every day, and I am a hearty eater. I don't think of dying," he added gaily, "I have so much to do yet. My 'History of Spain' is not yet half finished."

Guizot has long been at work upon this "History of Spain," which is to be issued in ten large volumes. He showed me some *chapters* of his notes, and asked my opinion. I gave it, without concealing my surprise at his wonderful memory. Dates, so embarrassing to most minds, did not bewilder him in the least. I said that Juan Trugiller, the novelist, had lived in the middle of the seventeenth century.

"Pardon me," said M. Guizot, "he lived from 1614 to 1649."

The notes for the Spanish history have been collected by this indefatigable worker for nearly twenty years past, and I admired the beautiful and firm, chirography of the manuscript. M. Guizot writes a firm, bold hand, and he always uses small, heavy note-paper, without lines. I read the first page of the fifth volume, and found not the slightest alteration. I observed that this was something very rare with authors.

"Lord Byron," said M. Guizot, "was famous for the excellent condition of his manuscript. It hardly ever happens to me to make a change in what I write for the printer, and strange to say, in case a page is lost, I can rewrite it almost exactly as I penned it first."

I had often heard that M. Guizot was a very early riser, and asked him what his favorite hours for writing were.

"I never write after 2 o'clock in the afternoon. I rise at 6, take a cup of coffee, glance over the morning papers, and then go to work. At 10 I stop and lunch. At 2 I am done, and take a walk—generally a very long walk. I do not go very fast, but there is hardly an old acquaintance of mine who can keep step with me."

The conversation returned to his work on Spain, and he told me that he had studied the Spanish language at the age of 72, and had taught it then to his grandchildren. I inquired about the latter, and the happy grandfather became fairly enthusiastic. He assured me that his constant intercourse with the little ones had given him some of his best inspirations. His "History of France, Related to my Grandchildren," has had a most extraordinary success. One hundred thousand copies have been sold thus far, and the demand continues unabated.

M. Guizot is very wealthy, and to the larger portion of his riches he is indebted to his pen. He has always commanded the largest copyrights, and could not have maintained his lavish expenditures while he was prime minister of France had he not had this never-failing resource. Since the French government has concluded treaties with most of the European governments, M. Guizot has received heavy sums from foreign publishers. As a literary curiosity it deserves to be mentioned that he is the only French author who receives a copyright from a Turkish publisher, his "History of Civilization" having been recently translated into that language.

M. Guizot showed me an odd-looking book, and he expressed his regret that he was not familiar with the language; for, among the fruits of his studies, now extending for almost seventy years, is his astonishing familiarity with so many languages. He speaks English, as an Englishman, German as a German, and I was hardly able to detect the slightest accent in his pronunciation of Spanish. I am sure he is the most remarkable old author of our times, and he bids fair to live to his 100th birthday.

THE LOCKED-UP PARBON.

In the Isle of Man, as I was one day walking on the seashore, I remember contemplating with thrilling interest an old, gray, ruined tower, covered with ivy. There was a remarkable history connected with the spot. In that tower was formerly hanged one of the best governors the island ever possessed. He had been accused of treachery to the king during the time of the civil wars, and received sentence of death. Intercession was made on his behalf, and a pardon was sent, but he fell into the hands of his bitter enemy, who kept it locked up, and the governor was hanged. His name is still honored by the many, and you may often hear a pathetic ballad sung to his memory, to the music of the spinning-wheel.

We must feel horror-struck at the turpitude of that man who, having the pardon for his fellow-creature in his possession, could keep it back, and let him die the death of a traitor. But let us restrain our indignation till we ask ourselves whether God might not point his finger to most of us, and say, "Thou art the man. Thou hast a pardon in thine hands to save thy fellow-creature, not from temporal, but from eternal death. Thou hast a pardon suited to all, sent to all, designated for all. Thou hast enjoyed it thyself, but hast thou not kept it back from thy brother, instead of sending it to the ends of the earth?"—Hugh Stowell.

FOR THE YOUNGEST READERS.

PRAYING AND SAYING PRAYERS.

Jemima was a little girl
Whom many prayers would say;
But O! she had a wandering heart,
And, therefore, did not pray.

She knelt beside her little bed
"Our Father" to repeat,
The while she twisted into knots
The corner of the sheet.

Her roving eyes, as she there knelt,
Were never closed at all;
She'd count the roses on the rug,
The stars upon the wall.

And, "gentle Jesus, meek and mild,"
Her careless tongue would say,
When all her thoughts were of the doll
That on the pillow lay.

